

THE DINKY DUCKLINGS

LANG CAMPBELL





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THE DINKY DUCKLINGS



by
LANG CAMPBELL

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Dedicated to

"Butterfly Auntie"



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lishers, except by reviewers who wish to quote short
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A Word About This Book



THE DUCK BROTHERS, Peter and Puddle, had an invitation to spend the night with their aunt and uncle. On a good breakfast of hot cakes and syrup they started out, but a cunning fox led them far off their path. In a journey of great excitement Peter and Puddle meet Mrs. Hen and Mrs. Bunny-Brown and old Toby Turtle, who help them to reach Aunt Daffy's house before bedtime. The pictures of the ducks eating strawberries, diving with Toby Turtle, and bouncing along in their little red wagon, will be among the treasured possessions of the children.

This is another one of the Sunny Books that take children on lively adventures with new friends, and here again are rich colors handsomely designed and beautifully blended to aid in the development of good taste in books.



Janie
Chappell

THE DINKY DUCKLINGS

Peter was a white duck,
Puddle was black;
Peter could waddle
And Puddle could quack.

Peter and Puddle were two little ducklings. Peter was snowy white but Puddle was black as a tar baby. They had shiny eyes that looked like yellow shoe buttons, and yellow bills to pick up their food. Yellow feet, too, with cunning toes on each foot, all joined together so they could swim.



Of course when Peter and Puddle were baby ducklings just out of the shell their mother and father took them down to the pond near the house.

"Come," said mother; "follow me!" and she swam out in the deepest water. Both the little boy ducks obediently put one tiny foot, and then the other, into the cool pond.

"Heads up!" the mother duck quacked, splashing along, "Kick your feet like this!"

Father stood on the bank and chuckled behind his collar as he watched his babies trying their best to follow.

"Oh, Puddle, look quick! I can do it! See

how fast I am going!"

And sure enough, Peter was sailing quietly along on top of the water, his little head held high and the tip of his white tail showing, as he swam after the mother duck.



useful to us.

“I am not a good swimmer,”

My mother said.

“I am not

strong, and I am not
duckling’s wing.

Very soon I had to learn
these things quickly,
and the first time I did not
be a little left behind.

Both the ducklings had to learn
to the pond every day, and I
took them with me when I went
too many things to learn to learn
and float.



When I think I had just finished a round of cards, I heard a sharp, clear, shrill whistle. Master G. took the position, blew his whistle at me and said, "The two little breakers have I got to get to-morrow. There was a letter sent to you addressed to 'Masters Peter and Paul' back 16 Petty Row Back behind the Barn."

The two apprentices were so excited they could not stand still long enough to open the letter. What could it be? Who could have written to them?

Dear

"Duckville on the Ditch

Dear Peter and Paul,

Won't you come over and visit us?

Yours,

Daffy,

You must be big boys, by now.

Your loving,

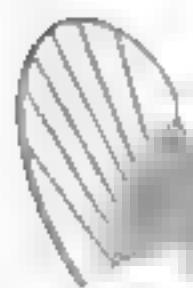
Uncle Daffy."



morning.

majig.

and the big rocks were
brought in and stacked, they
had a good deal of
work to do, but the
old man was waiting for



"I do the best I can, I do my best,
at the crossroads!"



“Lots of fun.”

“I am not Peter but I am a son of the Devil. You ride.”

“Thank you, Mr. President,
but I’m not a lady. I’m a man.”

“But I’m sure I’m not
a man. I’m a woman.”

“Who, I am? No, I’m not.
I’m a man, but I’m not a
man. I’m a woman.”

“I’m a man, but I’m not a
man. I’m a woman, but I’m not a
woman. I’m a man, but I’m not a

to a field of clover under
clover and grass growing along the way

He was not alone, for he had a friend, a little
boy named Peter. Peter and Peter's
brother, John, had come to the field of
clover to look for a place to play.
Peter was not looking for the early
morning play, he wanted to help his brother
find a place. Now that he would rather
look alone

He had not seen a bird, and Peter
said to his brother, "John, I saw a pretty blue
bird. Let me, my brother, help me catch
it!"



and

then, a

small

pool of

blood.

Puddle

fell in

near Puddle

he sat

terrible mud.

He stopped to pick it up.

Puddle

hanging on tight.

"I am very weak today. I have passed
the white duckling, the grey duckling, the
brown duckling, the wasp, the blue jay, and
On and on, I passed the frightened ducklings
until they came to the road.
There, they forgot and ran the wrong
way. They took the road to the left."

When Peter was all tired out
from running and Puddle was
all tired out from hanging on,





they stopped
and I went to
see what it was.
It was a small
black bird
nest with two
eggs in it. I
had never seen
such a bird
before. I
was very
surprised.

I called
out to the
birds and said
"Good morning!"

Puddle was still
Peter. I called out
again, "Good morning!"
Peter still did not
wake up. I called
again, "Good morning!"

"Wake up, brother!"
whispered Puddle,
hoarsely. "Someone
is here!"





white teeth.

and the following letter.

As we were leaving, I stuck the two little
trunks in my pocket and we scamped along
till we reached the tall. The red stranger
had been following us from the time we left the
house, and when we reached the tall he followed us
followed him.

and the following to his wife, "I am to be made Davis and I am to be a son to the stranger who is to be left me in him."

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11. $\frac{1}{2} \times 10^{-10}$

THERMOPHILIC

on the other side.

Postscriptum



radishes, lettuce and carrots in neat rows;

red geraniums growing in them.

woods?

"Who is it?"

small voice, which he tried to make steady.

door.

repeated Puddle

repeated Puddle

repeated Puddle

repeated Puddle

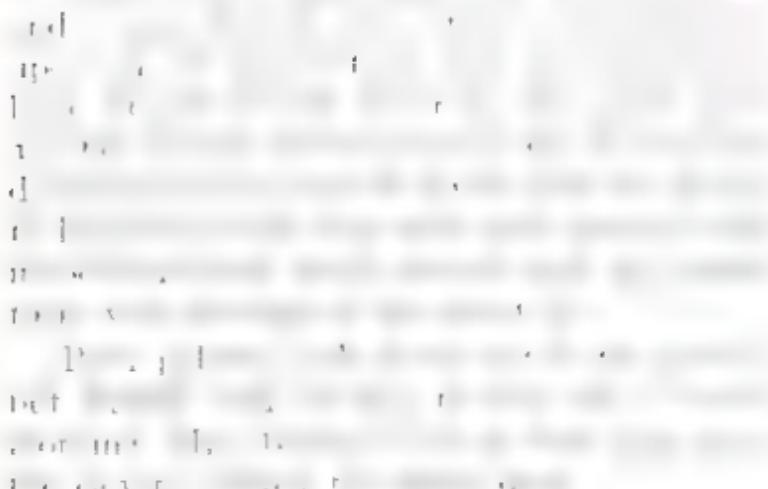
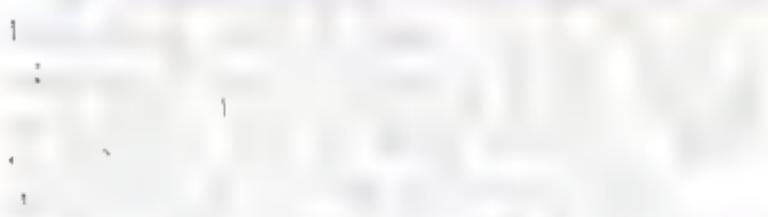
--and a duckling!"

the hollyhocks.

They went on and on, and the sun went down, and they were still in the garden, and they were very tired, and they were afraid to go home, because they had heard of the big, fierce, hungry otters, that almost ate them for supper, the night before.







and I was sent to the
ward with orders on the
nurse to have a view of the patient
as soon as the leg was bandaged
and the doctor called
to attend to the patient.
Mrs. Pennybridge sent the
order to the nurse and doctor to be
until the foot was well.

5

it

1

1

1

to pull it along.

1

1

1

Mr.

the

wood.

1

and a good boy, and a good boy for

a while.

1

1

Mr. John, Mr. John, Mr. John, Mr. John,
Mr. John, Mr. John, Mr. John, Mr. John,



water, so as to know "What you get for your money," never to the Library, and
not to be made to go to school anywhere."

Now, the next day, being a Monday, he
had to go to school, and the teacher
had a hard time getting him to come
in, so she sent for his mother, and
they named him Pepper.

the	the	the	the	the
the	the	the	the	the
the	the	the	the	the
the	the	the	the	the
the	the	the	the	the

P
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painted red."

the way?"

With the help of the *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*, the author has been able to identify the following sources of information:



not a word

I

I

I

at the very first chance.

Lunch was over and the three and a half of them start. I cut for Deckville on the Duce. The old turtle gentleman led the way and the ducklings told how the bad fox almost caught them, about Black Biddy and the Rainy Browns. The old turtle knew them all and told how the bad fox's father, years ago, had tried to catch him, but he pulled his head, tail and feet into his shell, so there was nothing to carry him by. Then he cautiously stuck out his head and nipped the fox's tail and you know that when a turtle bites he doesn't let go until it thunders.

The old fellow talked faster than he walked, for he said a slow steady pace was best, one could last mighty near all day and night at that rate. The ducklings had been hurrying and they were tired out. The turtle invited them to ride on his back, said he didn't mind it in the least. So there they sat dozing away, with Pepper tied onto old Toby's tail and



rolling along on its red wheel. They all seemed very comfortable, indeed. May the old turtle told some more stories but the ducklings didn't hear them.

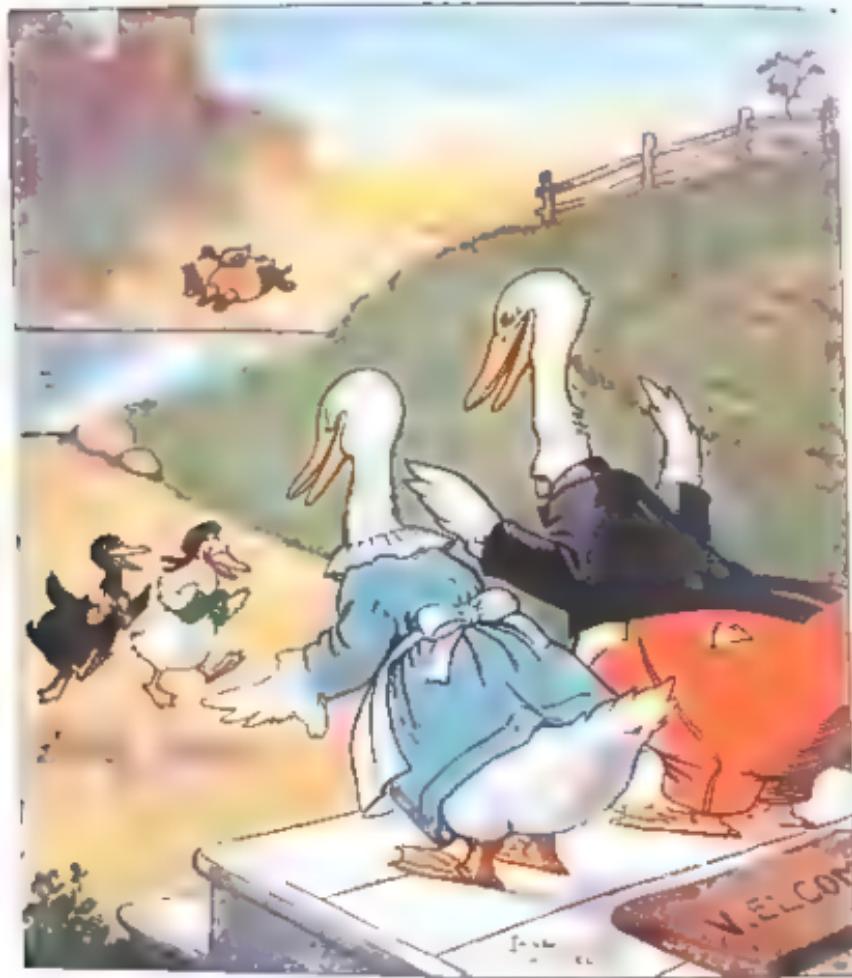
It was very late in the afternoon when the strange party stopped with a jerk. The ducklings slid off the turtle's back and old Toly said, with a grand sweep of his front flipper: "There is Duckyville on the Ditch!"

There it was just across the water, Uncle Daffy and Aunt Dilly's house with Uncle Daffy walking up and down the front porch, wondering where his little nephews were.

Such a quacking and clattering as there was! The ducklings and old Toly plunged into the water and swam across the ditch, but the toy duck ride over on the turtle's back, for Red Pepper had never learned to swim.

Aunt Dilly and Uncle Daffy were very glad to see the Dinky Ducklings and soon there was a piping hot supper for all. Old Toly was invited to draw up a chair, also.

After the meal was over, the ducklings told



all the adventures that had happened to them. Uncle Dilly hopped right up and said he was proud of his brave boys, and Aunt Dilly kissed them all round, not forgetting Red Pepper.

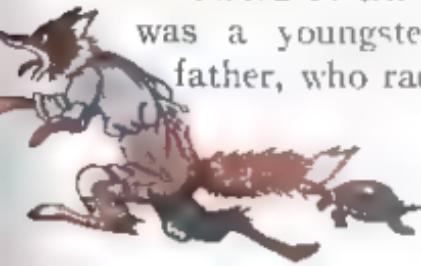
The little Dinky Ducklings spoke up and said they wanted to thank Toby Turtle for taking such good care of them.

"Yes," said Paddle. "We want to give you our new shiny toy duck, Red Pepper to remember us by."

"Won't you take him?" asked Peter, unselfishly.

"I certainly will. Thank you both!" answered Toby Turtle. "He will be fine company for an old turtle with no family. I can talk and talk and he will just sit and listen to my stories and never interrupt."

Toby took the toy duck by the string and pulled him up alongside. Next he lit his pipe and started to tell of the olden times, when he was a youngster, and about his grandfather, who raced a rabbit and beat him



It was very exciting but the ducklings couldn't stay awake any longer, while even Aunt Dilly and Uncle Daffy napped a little. Only Red Pepper, the wooden duck, was wide awake. His painted eyes never so much as blinked, and he seemed to nod at everything old Toby said. They had become fast friends.

It was soon time for bed, so Aunt Dilly tucked the Dinky Ducklings under the covers and kissed them goodnight. The old turtle preferred a nice soft place in the mud, near the ditch, where there was lots of air. The mosquitoes didn't trouble him and he claimed the mud was good for his complexion. Red Pepper sat up on the bank and kept guard.

Uncle Daffy went all around the house and tried the windows and doors to see if they were fastened tight. Then he peeped into the Dinky Ducklings' room and smiled to see them



sleeping so peacefully. Quietly shutting the door, he blew out the candle and tiptoed to his own bed.

To the land of dreams
They all set sail.
And this, my dears,
Is the end of my tale.





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